

The Lost and Forgotten Autobiography of

Bing



Whisby

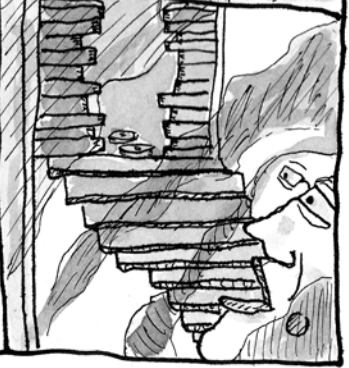
Discovered and
Translated

by John Akre, only
To Be
Forgotten
Again

The Clouds
remember
for me
Because I can't
recall a thing



"I can't believe the story myself—that's why I have to tell you."

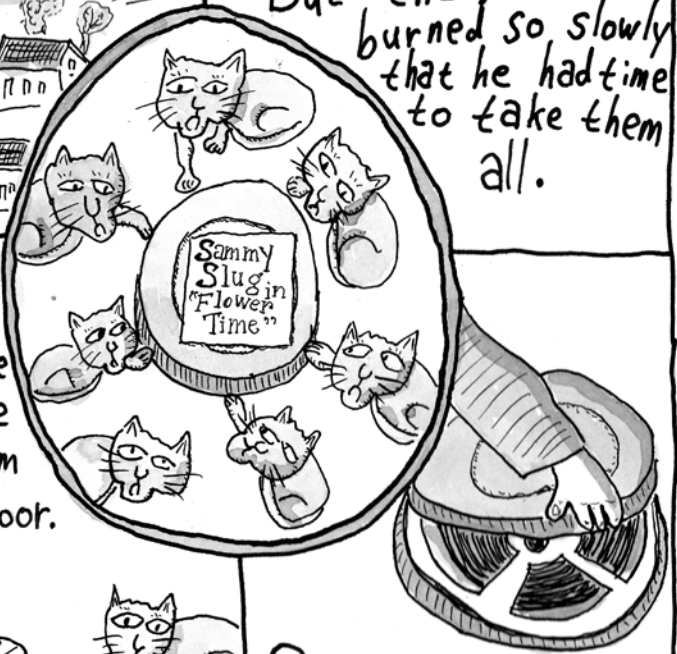


It took him a week to carry all those cans of film to his treehouse home.



But the fire burned so slowly that he had time to take them all.

He had no other place to store the films, so he stacked them on the floor.



Sometimes he set up the projector and watched one.



He noticed
little marks

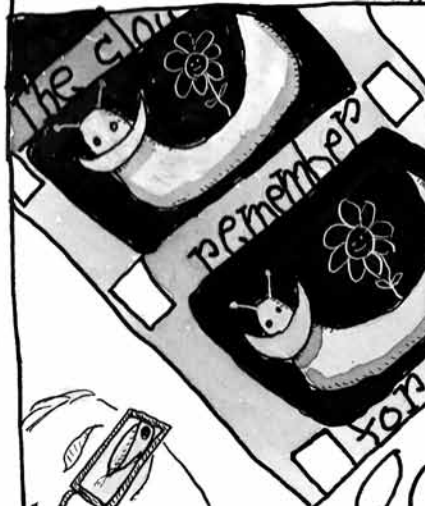
On the
top and
bottom

Of each
image

He unspooled
one
reel

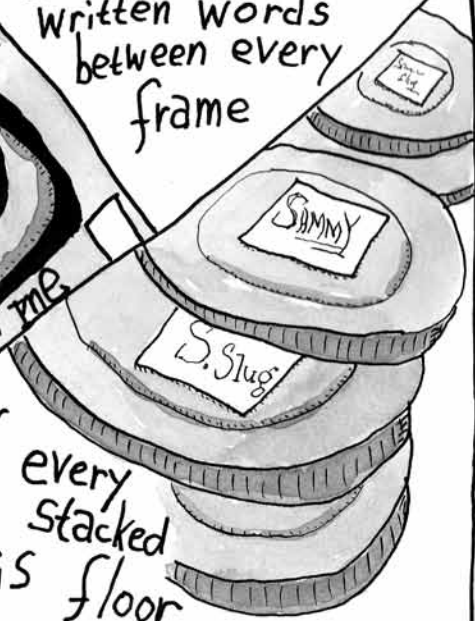


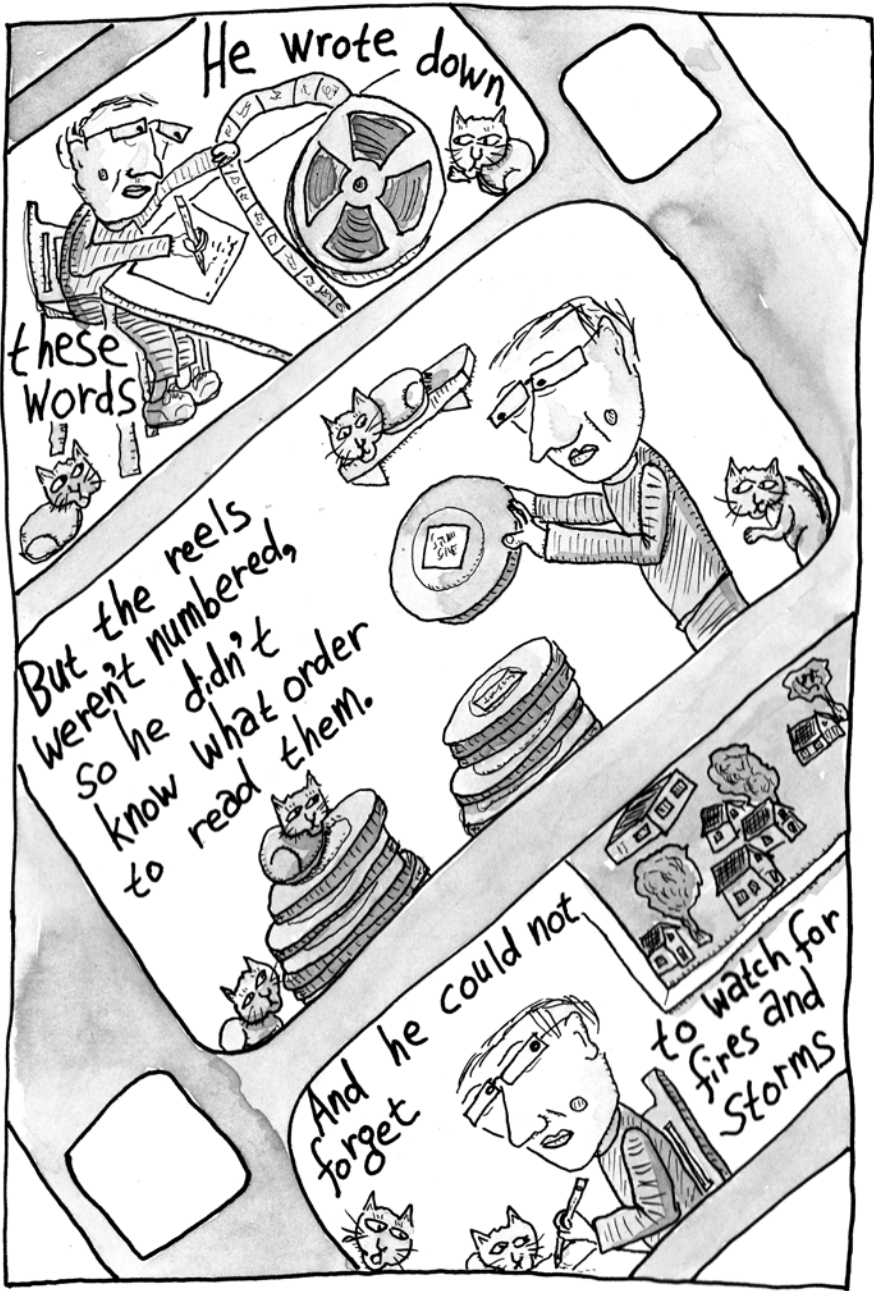
to look
more
closely



Someone had
written words
between every
frame

Of every
reel
stacked
on his floor





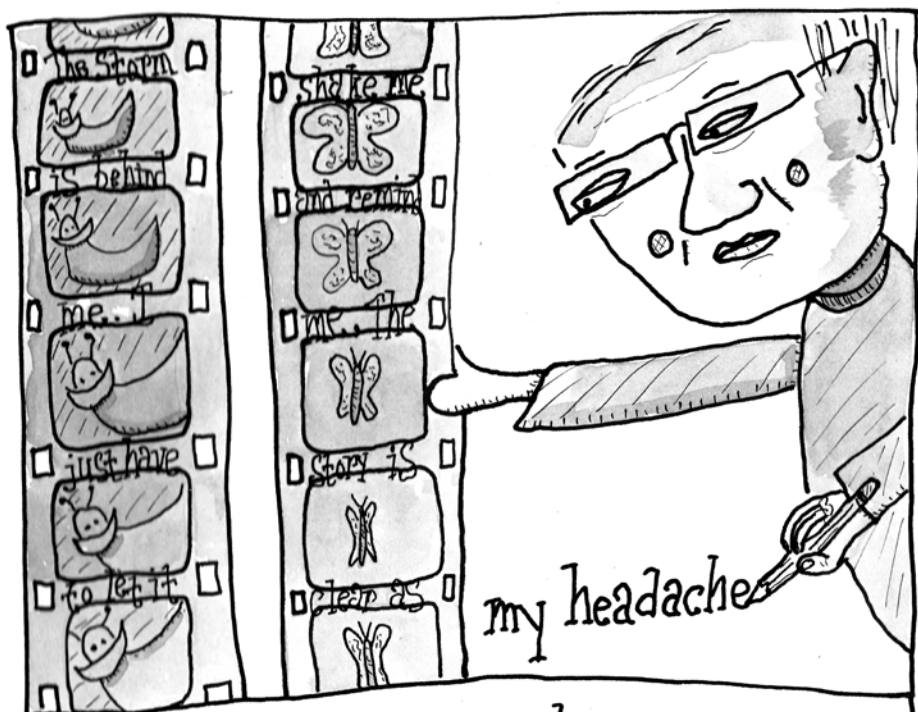
He wrote down

these words

But the reels
werent numbered,
so he didnt
know what order
to read them.

And he could not
forget

to watch for
fires and
storms



The storm and the story are both hesitating. I can relax for a moment before Activity Master Regina calls us all back on our Bicycle Cruisers sailing the open seas.

Horrance J. Harrance was the proprietor and my guide. I did it all for a corner to sleep in.



I made so many amusements that I had nothing to be amused of myself. Cutting and Coloring so that they could be sold at carnivals.

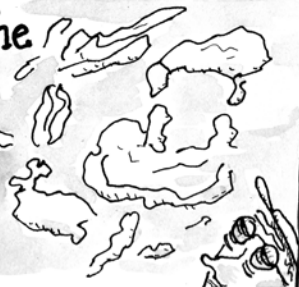


The Celluloid toys that he showed me and I made were small and vibrated like alive. You had to give them a name or they would vanish.

A whip arose from
below deck

broke the
whip in
the
sky

and



RISE AND SHINE!



It's

Activity Master Regina



Our first
activity
will be
"Gumbating"



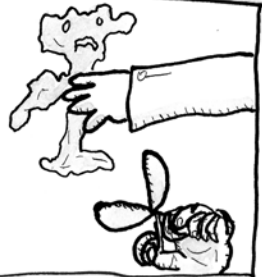
But before we
could begin the
activity, she had to
explain all the
rules to us in

meticulous detail. But her explanations were
so complex that they continued until the
alarm sounded to begin the next activity.
And then those rules continued until it was
time to begin the third activity.

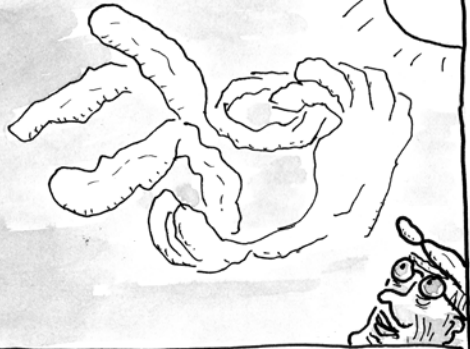




I didn't know
what I called
them to sell
them

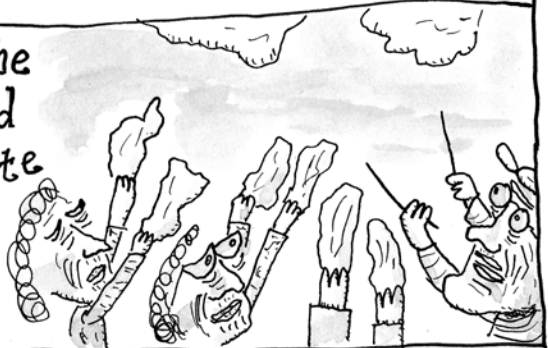


I remembered
best when the
Cloud cartoons
told me so



And before Activity
Master Regina came
up to the deck to
tell us the rules

I conducted the
handkerchiefs and
sails to animate
my memory
in the sky.



And in that cloud
I was saying:

Step right
up!

I looked over my words
at all the faces

With his whip, Harrance
taught me the stories
and songs that
brought the people to
my apple crate.

So I could
sell them
my celluloid
toys



He was full of such good
advice, and I turned it into
celluloid toys in the dusty
days of the wagon train



He fed me with
pickles and lard
cakes and stale
cream

Such a diet gave
me skin of celluloid
so I could know, inside
me and outside, the toys
I made and sold.



It's funny
when you see
all this in
cloud this in
cloud cartoons.
It's strange
when it's your
childhood in the
curling white and
fluffs of breath.



After I smashed
the slug, I
regretted it instantly



I got out my
pencil and drew
a curving line



I added some
eyes and gave
him a smile



He was
"Sammy Slug"
and I knew
how to draw
him



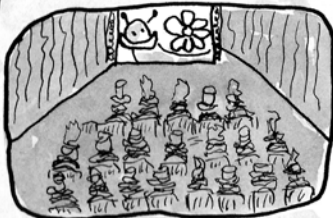
If I made
more drawings,
I would never
forget that
slug



If I made
so many drawings,
I could bring him
back to life

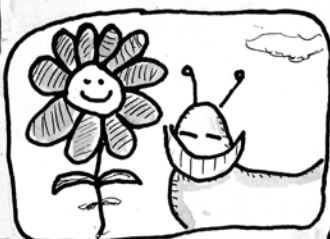


Sammy Slug
cartoons played the
matinees and the
weekend shows



First came the
Sammy Slug
cartoons, then
the actual
people

Sammy moved slowly,
but in those days,
any movement was
what people were
looking for.



Sammy was
near-sighted and
thought the
flower was
the sun.

The audience
laughed their
socks and
hats off.



Was Mr. Salt
Sammy Slug's
only enemy?



Or was it the
cat, or the
mouse, that
did it?

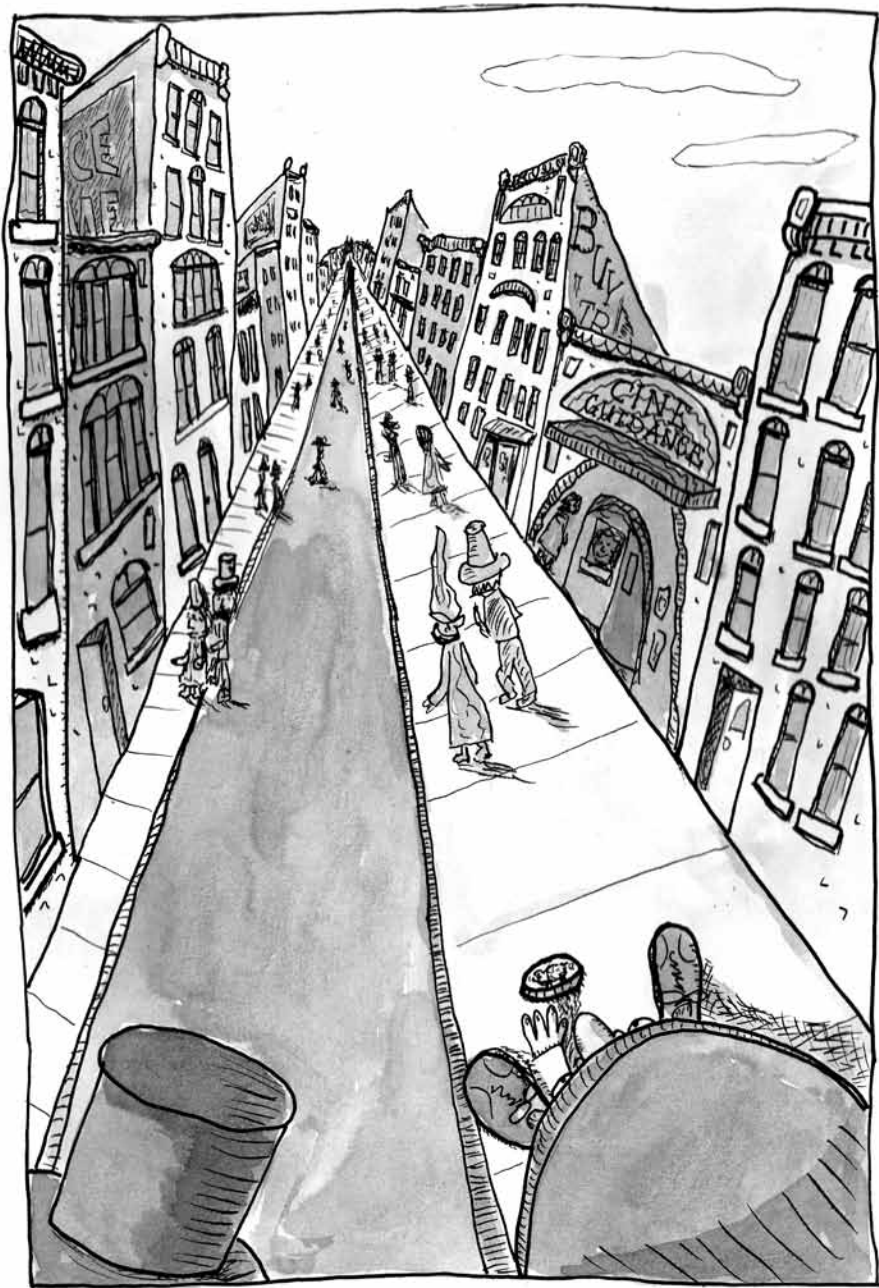


I don't know if I
have the real memory,
or some very powerful
forgetting in
disguise



I don't even care if
Activity Master Regina breaks up
the cloud cartoons.

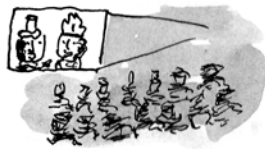




There it was, a little
silver sun on the sidewalk.



I could pick it up and
throw it at the shadows
on the wall.



There was something about
those days, something that
just started moving.



Those were ghosts that you
could see if you paid a
nickel.

Who wants a celluloid
toy if they can sit in the dark
with ghosts like these?



Once I saw the ghosts, I couldn't
leave my spot. I didn't even need a
chair. I would sit on the floor.

But even floors
cost nickels at
the Nickelodeon.

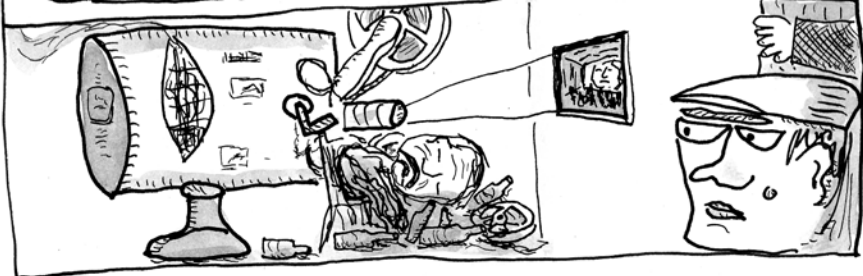


The man did not see me at first, and then he saw me.

I had to tell him that I did pay to get in, I just stayed much longer than I should have.

I told him I couldn't take my eyes off the ghosts. I just couldn't leave.

"Back here, kid. I want to show you something."

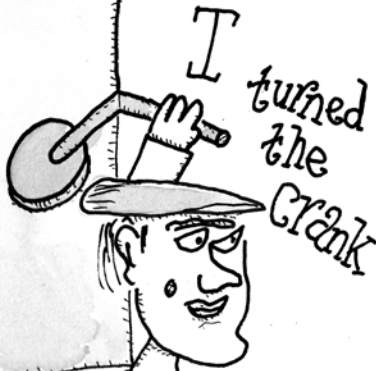




"You turn the crank, boy."

I turned the crank at the nickelodeon

And I made the ghosts dance on the wall.



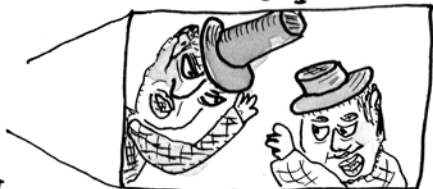
I turned the crank



And I made the ghosts talk silently



I made them walk from left to right



And cavort and scheme



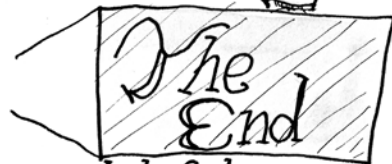
And wear hats and more hats.



I turned the crank

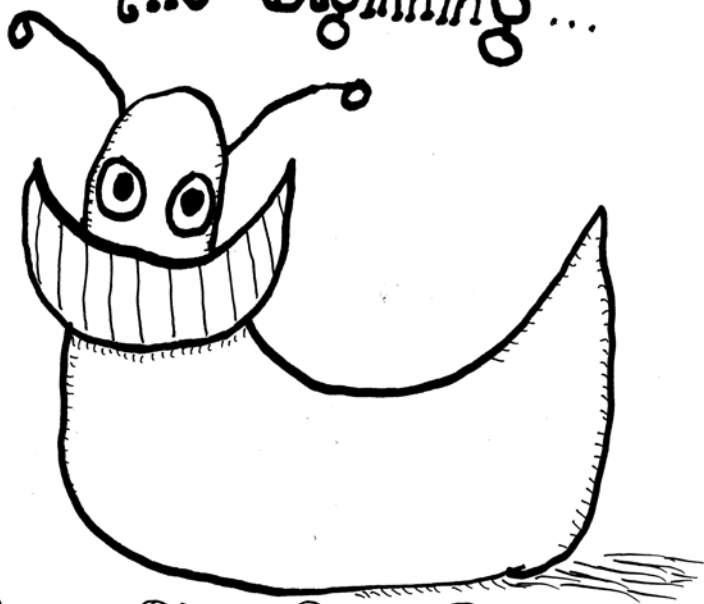


To make them fade in from darkness



And fade out at the end.

This is only
the beginning...



Sammy Slug, Betty Butterfly,
Bing Thisby, Activity Master Regina,
follow their exploits in the
unfolding story:

Sloppyfilms.net/bingthisby

Thanks
Beth!

